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P A R A D I S E:

A

P O E M.

[ Price One Shilling and Sixpence. ]

To

The Reverend

Dr Gerard

From the Authors

# P A R A D I S E: *K*

A

P O E M.

*By John Ogilvie D. D. Minister of Midmar, in Aberdeen Shire.*

— — O Qui me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi  
Sistet, & ingenti ramorum proteget umbra!

V I R G.



*James Taylor del. et sculp.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for GEORGE PEARCH, N<sup>o</sup> 12, CHEAPSIDE.

*This is the first Edition.*

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P A R A D I S

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE following little attempt was undertaken at the desire of the Gentleman who raised the elegant Villa, whose various scenery it is intended to describe. The Author hopes that such of his Readers as know how difficult it is to give a sensible mind entertainment, in the perusal of a descriptive poem of any length, will excuse him if he has upon some occasions indulged himself very freely in the vein of moral sentiment arising naturally from the subject; as others who may have observed that, in consequence of the many elegant productions of this kind which have lately made their appearance, it is an arduous if not an impossible task to throw an air of originality on this species of composition, will perhaps be inclined to pardon him, if they find that he has sometimes attempted to diversify the description, by admitting bolder images than are usually employed in painting what is called Still or Rural Life. The Writer's intention will be fully answered if his Readers should receive some part of that pleasure from perusing the transcript, which he himself felt in contemplating and in copying the original.*

## EXPLANATION of the PLATE.

**T**HE Genius of the place is represented reclining in a little arbor, on the bank of a river, in a posture expressive of deep attention to a Shepherd on the opposite bank of the stream, amusing a rural beauty with an air on his reed. She is drawn with the insignia of one of the Muses, is supposed to have dropt her lute in the reverie, and laid her hand on her heart, as expressive of her feelings.

See the POEM, l. 161, &c.



## P A R A D I S E :

A

P O E M.

**O**F rural scenes I sing ; — the winding stream,  
 The grove, the garden form the simple theme :  
 Hail to the woodland shade, the peaceful vale !  
 Ye dark retreats, ye bowers of Quiet, hail !  
 These, when improved by Science, Taste, and Thought, 5  
 Art moulds the plan by forming Nature wrought ;  
 Dimm'd by no cloud like Life's eventful day,  
 First claim'd, and still awake, th' inspiring lay.



Lo ! mid' yon arch of shading pines display'd,  
 What form ethereal roams th' incumbent shade ! 10  
 'Tis she !—the meek-eyed Genius of the grove,  
 Whose thrill'd heart vibrates to the plaint of love :  
 Oft, as along the solitary plain  
 Lured by the dying lute's melodious strain,  
 Pensive she roves ;—the hill's aerial brow, 15  
 The vales beneath with deeper verdure glow ;  
 The love-lorn swain suspends his mournful tale,  
 Struck with the sound that trembles on the gale,  
 Lifts to the feeble voice, (the form unseen)  
 And deems that Fairies tread the haunted green. 20

Woo'd by yon scene, where Art's controuling power  
 Shapes the bold arch, or weaves the sheltering bower ;  
 Yon gardens swelling on the wandering gaze,  
 The lawn's loose robe, the wood's bewildering maze,  
 The couch where panting Labour shares repose, 25  
 The stream gay-gleaming thro' the mingling boughs,  
 Fruits heap'd like those on Eve's luxurious board ;—  
 She deems the scene—a Paradise restored.

Led by the Power, I gaze entranced around,  
 And eye th' o'er-shading hills, an awful mound ! 30  
 The crescent-heights half-circling round the dale,  
 Inclose a fruitful field, a temperate vale\*.  
 Crown'd with rough wood the pendent cliffs are seen,  
 Shades still beloved, and boughs for ever green ;  
 Form'd, when the eddying blast's resistless sway 35  
 Sweeps the proud dome, or yielding arch away,  
 To shield the plain, where its refreshing breath  
 Shakes the loose bank, or murmurs o'er the heath,  
 So Tempe screen'd by cloudy Pelion's brow,  
 So Arno spread where gales ethereal blow, 40  
 (Gay Florence dancing on the swelling wave)  
 Lye calm, nor hear the distant tempest rave.

But lo! the beauteous scenes unfolding fair,  
 Yon † walk invites to breathe the scented air !

Say

\* The beautiful little Villa described in this Poem lies on a plain around which the hills form an amphitheatre, and leave an opening only to the south, where the surface is smooth, and almost perfectly level.

† A noble avenue of pines (the loftiest and most magnificent the Author remembers to have seen) through the void betwixt which fruit trees are

# P A R A D I S E :

Whence great Nature that elysian bloom? 45

Whence blows the fragrant gale that wafts perfume.

Whence all the sweets yon leafy groves exhale?

On melting notes that breath along the vale :

Thou mighty Parent ! bidst the liberal grain,

Thy field wide ripening glad th' exulting swain ; 50

To toil consign'ft the pebble and the ore ;

But Taste displays the wonders of thy power.

The smoothed yon level green, and called to view

The banks that glow with each resplendent hue ;

Thou dropt the rich fruitage o'er each velvet bed, 55

And rear'd her train beneath th' indulgent shade.

How oft' in Life's sequester'd vale, unknown

Unheeded Genius blooms and wastes alone ;

Unseen who sport in Power's imperial dome,

How woos the haunt where Quiet loves to roam ; 60

Where just beheld, (her hour of pastime o'er)

Unseen in the waving umbrage, shines no more.

How dropt at some distance on the grass-plots, while a vista opening in the

Front discovers the gardens and wilderness, and a continued bank of flowers

Lines either side of the walk.

Ranged



Ranged in long rows yon gloomy pines appear,  
An awful height ! nor heed the varying year :  
Their shade, impervious to the noon-day beam 65  
Prompts Thought and Fancy's soul-entrancing dream.  
O when meek Eve, (each fultry breath withdrawn)  
Shakes her loose dew-drops o'er th' aerial lawn;  
When Ire subsides in each dissolving breast,  
And Quiet whispering soothes the soul to rest ;  
Be mine yon arch o'ercast with darkening sprays,  
Yon haunt where rapt, lone Contemplation strays !  
There musing deep as Nature points the theme,  
Let thought explore frail Life's mysterious dream :  
See Hope's gay pile by sweeping blasts o'erturn'd 75  
Or Pride low-groveling on the dust it spurn'd ;  
Stain'd on Ambition's front th' o'ershadeing plume,  
Or chill'd on Beauty's cheek the withering bloom ;  
Fled with the wreath that glow'd on Fancy's brow,  
Her dream that glitter'd like th' aerial bow ; 80  
Care's tearful eyes in death-like slumbers prest,  
And Toil reclining where the weary rest.

Lo!

# R A D I S S :

Woodbine bower invites repose,  
 Ling'ring garden blows ;  
 Where Art projects to please, 85  
 Res the sons of ease.

In varying foliage clad ;  
 Paints th' enamel'd bed.

Earth's fairest mould,  
 Be inwove with gold ; 90

Eye, and by the gale  
 That gilds the lonely vale :

Washed in morning dew,  
 'd with heav'n's ethereal blue ;

Autumnal skies, 95  
 With Beauty's spangling dies.

Underneath wan Cynthia's ray  
 Port their hours away.

Glittering throng repair,  
 Gladly skim the fluid air :)

100  
 Quid dews, or shed  
 Drops o'er each scented bed ;

Or

Or suck from  
 The cloud  
 Then wan  
 Pale on the

Stretch'd  
 I scan the f  
 Here edged  
 There glow  
 Or Villas g  
 Or streams  
 Or seen ren  
 Dim waves  
 Yet pass the  
 Stern Wint  
 Touch'd by  
 Dank mild  
 Till wander  
 The eye sca

ck from oils th' ethereal sweets, and breathe  
cloud whose balm o'erspreads the wilds beneath :  
waning as the twinkling lamps decay, 105  
on the fading moon-beam glide away.

etch'd on the couch, as with delighted eyes  
the scenes, what smiling prospects rise !  
edged with hawthorn lies the daised green,  
e glows with blushing fruit th' unfolding scene ; 110  
illas gay with circling fields appear ;  
reams low-murmuring lure th' enchanted ear ;  
en remote, far on the upland height,  
waves the brown wood on the darkening sight :  
afs the year ; and lo ! with frowns o'ercast, 115  
Winter freezing, lays its glories waste !  
h'd by his hand, the fleeting verdure o'er,  
mildews withering taint the leafy store ;  
vandering thoughtful o'er the bowers o'erthrown,  
ye scarce marks where once their beauty shone. 120

Such



Such, to calm Thought's experienced eye display'd  
 O'er Life's fair morning sweeps th' involving shade.  
 Serene and rapt by Pleasure's glittering dream,  
 The youth leaps headlong on the surgy stream ;  
 Sees on its bank the golden fruitage glow, 125  
 Or drinks ripe nectar from the tempting bough ;  
 Or marks the cooling shades with eager eye  
 Elate, nor joyous deems the tempest nigh.  
 When lo ! the clouds grow black ! the winds affail !  
 Age chills the blood, or poison taints the gale ; 130  
 Where then the scenes that held th' enraptured view ?  
 Gay dreams of love, and joys for ever new ?  
 Ah ! where the hopes of mirthful Fancy born ?  
 The forms resplendent as the dews of morn ?  
 Young charms that dance in Love's desiring eyes ? 135  
 The kindling chase, and soul-inchanting prize ?  
 False as yon varying lawns th' illusive toys ;  
 An hour unfolds them, and an hour destroys.

O mid' this scene where low'ring thunders roll,  
 Be mine calm Reason's strong but just controul : 140  
 When

When dies th' o'erwhelmed heart to grief consign'd;  
When Passion's whirlwind tears the maddening mind;  
Or panting Hope scarce marks the dreary shore;  
Or melts the breast to Pleasure's guileful lore:  
O grant the placid look, the soul serene, 145  
The temperate wish that keeps the golden mean!  
The plan mature, by cool Experience wrought,  
The piercing beam of clear discerning Thought;  
Desires by Judgment's guiding dictate sway'd,  
And pure from Passion's mists th' exploring head: 150  
Thus strong to break the headlong torrent's force,  
Glide the smooth bark as Wisdom points her course;  
Till born afar where never tempest blows,  
The Wanderer rest in long and deep repose.

But hark! what sounds along the murmuring gale 155  
Soothe the rapt ear from some sequester'd dale!  
I search their source, and half to sight display'd,  
Mark the broad stream that lines the glimmering shade  
With curious eye I glance the prospect o'er,  
Nor pleased with transient objects, pant for more: 160



And lo! the river rolling to the main,  
 Winds its flow course along th' extended plain;  
 Seen from the gloom of yonder mossy seat \*.  
 That verging o'er it forms a deep retreat!  
 No artful shades here hold th' admiring gaze, 165  
 Nor flower-clad bank, nor wild's bewildering maze;  
 No garden floating wafts divine perfume,  
 Nor glows the nectar'd fruit's enlivening bloom:  
 But on yon beetling cliff with clouds o'ercaft,  
 Roams the lone Genius of the cheerless waste, 170  
 Sublime of thought; and from the airy brow  
 Eyes the dim forms that shade the fields below;  
 The elm first tinged with morn's resplendent flame  
 (Thus soars proud Hope to catch the rays of Fame)  
 The flexile willow, like experienced age 175  
 Not torn though yielding to the tempest's rage;

\* A little sequestered arbor reared on the bank of the river, and overshadowed with birch, limes, &c. from which the eye commands a magnificent prospect of the contiguous eminencies covered on all sides with wood; and the winding of a river which is skirted by a beautiful little village, and by the gentleman's seat, who is proprietor of the whole.



The oak deep-rooted in the strengthening soil,  
Like Patience fix'd mid' peril, war and toil;  
The humble shrub by nature taught to bow,  
Screen'd in the storm that lays the mighty low: 180  
All these he marks; — then musing on the tomb  
That house of silence, seeks th' involving gloom.

O round the bower ye warblers of the grove  
Pour the wild notes that melt the soul to love!  
Shrill from the echoing wood's remotest bound, 185  
The thrush rejoicing breathe the chearful sound:  
The linnet warbling o'er the purple heath,  
Supply the melting flute's melodious breath;  
Wide o'er the sounding stream by zephirs born  
The black-birds music mock th' inspiring horn: 190  
Or grant meek Power, when glimmering on the view,  
The pale ray lingers on the quivering dew;  
Roll'd o'er the middle waste, or echoing dale,  
To hear the plover's long resounding wail!

How blest, who led by Solitude, repair, 195  
 To dells remote, and breathe a purer air!  
 Who tired in noisy life's perplexing chase,  
 Rest from its tumult in the vale of peace!  
 'Tis theirs to feel (what treasures ne'er impart,)  
 Th' ingenuous wish that warms the feeling heart; 200  
 Their's, near some darkening cliff, or haunted stream,  
 To melt intranced in Thought's luxurious dream:  
 Or when some angel from the climes of love  
 Descending, hovers o'er the conscious grove;  
 'Tis theirs, when heavenly anthems hymn'd around, 205  
 On air wide floating swells the mazy sound;  
 Soul meeting soul (the earthly mound o'erthrown,)  
 To join the throng that watch th' eternal throne!

Rapt from th' imbowering shade, and warbling throng,  
 New scenes inviting claim the varying song. 210  
 Yon gardens shelter'd in the circling bound,  
 Where limes and hawthorn fence th' inclosure round;

Yon

Yon field, where taugth in twining folds to roll,  
 The tall hops creep along the tapering pole:  
 The spreading pines in silver foliage clad; 215  
 Th' espaliers rear'd to form a cooling shade,  
 The visted porch, and fading on the sight,  
 Seen dim, the ruin'd tower's portentous height \*:  
 Each claims the strain:—but glancing o'er the whole,  
 The Muse impetuous, hastes to reach the goal. 220

As thoughtful o'er each beauteous scene I rove  
 The wild bewildering lures me from the grove;  
 Spread o'er the formless hills with shrubs o'ergrown,  
 The mazy windings lead the Wanderer on.  
 Now breathing Æther on the mountain's brow, 225  
 Now plunged deep-musing in the vale below;  
 Luxurious scenes with Nature's bounty fraught  
 That boast no mark of Art's chastising draught,  
 But shooting wild, and devious as they spread,  
 The whole loose forest waving o'er his head, 230

\* An old ruinous edifice placed near the entrance of the scene here described.



Delightful maze! he sees the woods extend  
Far as he roams; nor marks, nor hopes their end.

O wrap me deep beneath yon aery hill  
Where down the rough rock steals the tinkling rill;  
The woodland throng, as varying thoughts prevail, 235  
Bathed in the stream, or swimming down the vale!  
There grant to hear in depth of woods embraced,  
Each lingering sound that wails along the waste!  
Or near some haunted oak, forlorn and bare,  
Where glide pale Druids on the murky air; 240  
Slow down the peeling cliff remote and drear,  
The wizar'd Genii plain on Fancy's ear!

Hence born sublime o'er ages long decay'd,  
The muse aspiring fails th' incumbent shade:  
Sees, long ere tamed by Thought, by Taste refined, 245  
Strong Reason's force had curb'd th' untutor'd mind;  
Long ere Astræa spread her golden reign,  
And taught to rule the earth, or roam the main,

One shapeless wild o'er each broad region shown ;  
One boundless desert stretch'd from zone to zone. 250  
Then, where Augusta, thy exalted brow  
O'erlooks the lawns, and swelling deeps below,  
Screen'd by the waste of woods, that wrapt the day  
Lay slumbering Art, and dream'd the years away.  
Nor yet bold Industry, though versed in pain, 255  
Or plough'd the glebe, or strow'd the liberal grain,  
A woodland Power, roused with the early morn,  
He launch'd the dart, or blew the echoing horn ;  
With rankling heart pursued the murderous trade ;  
And man the savage, as he call'd, obey'd. 260

Nor Fancy less, young Nature's darling child,  
In silence wondering, gazed the trackless wild :  
Not then the solemn pile, the trembling spire,  
The grotto's cool shade, the cultured fields inspire :  
The cloud, the whirlwind her majestic theme, 265  
The dim rock tottering o'er the turbid stream,

The



The wood's deep gloom, the melancholy vale  
 Or cave long-ecchoing heard her midnight wail;  
 Tales ever mournful taught her voice to flow;  
 Still plain'd the lute, yet pour'd melodious woe\*.

Thus roll'd the years, till with her radiant train  
 Astræa lighting, eyed the waste domain:  
 On Thames' smooth bank she stood, and from the bower  
 Where Art lay slumbering, waked th' informing power.

\* The truth of the remark made in the Poem that, in the uncultivated periods of society, Imagination is much more apt to take in a mournful than a cheerful train of ideas, must be obvious to every person who considers either the objects that present themselves to be contemplated in such a state, or that strain of composition which appears to have prevailed in it. With regard to the former, we may observe that wherever the mind hath a native propensity to dwell upon great and exalted objects, it is likewise ready to contemplate principally the dark side of human life, even when an assemblage of the most cheerful ideas might be supposed to make its thoughts run in a more agreeable channel. The works of Nature beheld in their naked simplicity, tend naturally to excite both these sensations in a mind endowed with an extensive imagination: the former arising from their rude magnificence, the latter from that gloomy idea of Solitude which we invariably associate with the other.—As to the strain of Composition which obtained at this period, the works of Ossian (to mention no others) afford sufficient specimens of the manner, in which the works of nature have been contemplated by a great genius in the earliest state of society.



" Go, (thus she spoke) recal yon Wanderers home : 275

" Go rear the garden, and exalt the dome.

" Seen from yon hill the checquer'd landscape glow,

" Gay meads and villas glad th' expanse below ;

" An Indian fun the shelter'd groves illumine,

" The gale breathe fragrance, and the garden bloom ; 280

" Yon mount, the pile and swelling arch adorn ;

" Yon plain, the copious herbs and waving corn :

" Go,—on the base indulgent Nature yields,

" Extend dark woods, and cultivated fields :

" Streams, Villas, shades in beauteous range combine, 285

" And scenes still varying wake th' inspiring mine.

She spoke ; and far along the waste convey'd

To man the Powers supplied unceasing aid,

Call'd from the cavern's depth th' unletter'd kind ;

Taught milder arts, and humanized the mind. 290

Then too bold Industry the chase gave o'er,

By nobler works allured, and gentler lore :

Smiled the bleak waste obsequious as he came,

Prone dropt the woods, their wondering sons grew tame ;

The City rose : — and now with transport moved, 295  
Rejoicing Nature gazed, admired, and loved.

Then swell'd the scenes that boast immortal strains,  
Proud Hampton's towers \*, and Richmond's aery plains ;  
Or Windsor's shades where sports the tuneful throng,  
Shades loved of Thought, and streams renown'd in song. 300  
Each lyre was strung as prompting Genius fired ;  
While Cowper's bowers, and Grongar's dales inspired † :  
Still o'er thy groves fair Kensington, appears  
Near Albion's haunt, pale Kenna bathed in tears ‡ ;

\* Should Readers of a certain cast observe here that there is an impropriety in the Author's having described the world in general as a desert, when he enters upon this part of his subject, l. 243, &c. yet when he comes to take notice of subsequent improvements, he mentions those only that have been made upon Great Britain ; the Author would reply, that he avoided extending the description in this place, as it would have run the Poem to too great length ; and the candid Reader will observe, that the mind is particularly prepared for having British scenes presented to it, as Art is found lumbering on the bank of the Thames, and in the spot where London now stands.

† See the beautiful descriptive Poem with that title in Doddsley's Collection.

‡ See Tickel's Fairy Tale, entitled Kensington Garden, in Doddsley's Collection

Reckless



Reckless of Oberon's wrath, the pensive fair 305  
 Eyes the wan flower that blows in chilling air;  
 Hangs o'er the tremulous leaf, and gives to rear  
 Its head the first, and lead the smiling year.

Wrought, as the Powers their various work pursue,  
 Where'er I look new wonders charm the view. 310  
 But chief the Muse those blissful scenes transport,  
 Where warm'd with love, th' inspiring nine resort.  
 Oft as her eye o'er beauteous Hagley strays,  
 She marks them sporting in harmonious maze,  
 Still pleased to trace by just degrees refined 315  
 In each some grace that paints the master's mind;

Nor less, (though Pity, Love and tears unite,)  
 Thy villa Shenstone holds her wandering sight.  
 O loved of Heav'n! by forming Nature wrought  
 To mark her dawn of pure and simple thought! 320  
 Happy, whose heart its warmest wish could tell,  
 And blest, whose numbers paint that heart so well.



Though fled to climes of harmony and love,  
 Yet swims thy shade o'er yon aerial grove ;  
 With Thomson, skill'd to swell melodious sound ; 325  
 Born on the gale that fans the bowers around,  
 Yon sylvan dome thou seek'st, yon ivied wall !  
 Or near the 'lone and dying water-fall  
 Tuneft the soft lute ; while each enchanting lay  
 Floats o'er the stream, and trembling melts away. 330

Last Caledonia, thy deserted plain  
 Felt the young Powers, and blest'd their opening reign.  
 Then rose, (ere smiling o'er the happy land  
 Fair Peace triumphant rear'd her olive wand :)  
 High o'er the hanging cliff beheld afar 335  
 The gothic porch, and domes announcing war.  
 Hence on the dizzy rock's stupendous brow,  
 Edina's thundering towers repell'd the foe :  
 Gay Fortha too beheld with conscious pride  
 Th' ascending piles that edged his glossy tide : 340

O'er

O'er Clyde majestic rose the solemn fane ;  
O'er Tay, rough mounds that check'd the barbarous Dane ;  
Each distant stream th' enlivening Powers explore,  
And spires high-towering lined her utmost shore.

Thus while her sons untamed, (her fields yet bare,) 345  
War all their trade, and conquest all their care ;  
Each nobler virtue deem'd that asks acclaim,  
Each good comprised in courage, strength, and fame.  
But when fair Science, thy refulgent ray  
Burst the black gloom, and roll'd the clouds away ; 350  
Then bloom'd the waste in heav'n's prolific beam,  
Then danced the Naiad on the silver stream ;  
Then varying scenes their vivid hues unfold,  
Lawns bright in lucid green, or spangling gold ;  
Glad hamlets graced with flowery skirts appear, 355  
And Ceres liberal crown'd the laughing year.

Thus fair, Britannia each indulgent shade,  
Each waving grove with kindling joy survey'd.

Nor ceased the Powers;—but where yon lengthening waste  
 (An age o'erlook'd;) no rich inclosure graced; 360  
 Even there, while Art with judging Taste combin'd  
 Form'd the fair draught in G—'s inventive mind,  
 O'er plains remote, now kindling on the view;  
 On —'s smooth bank, an Eden bloom'd anew.

F I N I S .

